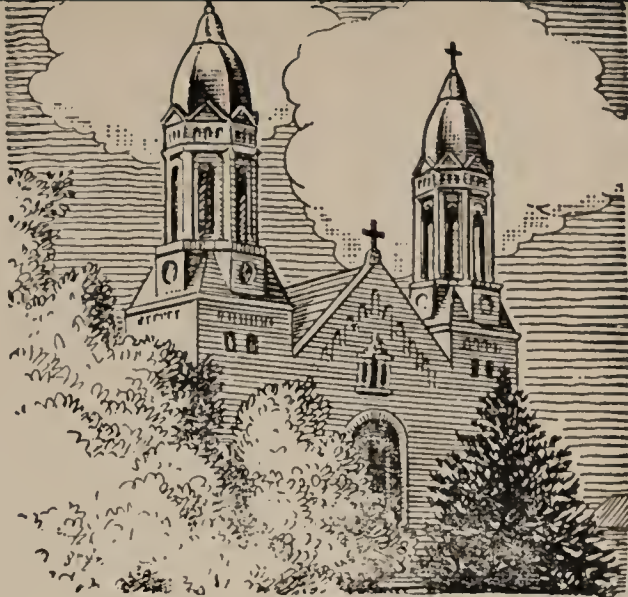


THE SANGUINIST

*COLLEGE RELIGIOUS
BULLETIN*



Feast of St. Joseph

O God, who in Thine unspeakable providence didst vouchsafe to choose blessed Joseph for Thy most holy mother's spouse; grant, we beseech Thee, that we who revere him as our protector upon earth, may become worthy to have him for our intercessor in heaven. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen.



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THE SANGUINIST CLUB

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THE SOCIAL ANIMAL

Young folk frequently think that they have reached the age when they can serve notice upon the whole world that they are now capable of taking care of themselves. They need no one else; they are self-confident. Having reached manhood's estate, they are going to direct their own lives, come what may! And so they form their own stubborn views that "religion is a private affair," the little niceties of convention and etiquette are so much "bosh," and the advice of confessor parent or friend is meant for panty-waist weaklings. They think the rest of the wide world must conform to their opinions, or else.

Such young folk are to be tremendously pitied. Some sudden shock will show them how reliant they are not only upon Almighty God, but even upon their parents (still!), and especially upon their friends. Sadly but surely they must learn the lesson that they are social animals, and that to progress they need the constant help of others, particularly of true friends. We need others to bring out our good qualities, and if our contacts do not bring out the best in us, they are not worthy contacts. To cultivate friendships and acquaintances is a social necessity; to be successful therein we need to have self-control and gentlemanliness.

Some misanthrope has said that "friends are thieves of time." But perhaps he wasn't such a misanthrope after all, but rather someone who appreciated the real value of every minute, and the futility of so much idle chatter and gossip. It may very well be that the very moment I am going to waste thus is the time when I should be preparing strenuously for the home which awaits me, or when God wants my work and my prayers. There are many so-called friends to whom one would like to say at times: "If you want to waste your time, at least do not waste it by making other people waste theirs." But perhaps, after all, until the end of the world those who want to work will always be condemned to listen to the chatter of the incurable idler.

There is a proverb which says, "God save me from my friends; I will deal with my enemies." But let us not exaggerate. Cultivate with all your soul and strength profitable friendships, and *learn to be a real friend*. Scripture calls a true friend the world's greatest treasure, a pearl. Seek in friendship what God intends us to find in it—namely, the most pleasant pastime, relaxation and help that man can have.

Yes, there are friends and friends parasites. Keep the good ones. As for the others, ask God to rid you of them. It is of such that the proverb speaks. To sweep them out with a broom is often the only effective method.

Selected Thoughts - - - Timely Observations

FRIENDS

If I were a saint, I should be more afraid of flattery than anything else; and, because I am not a saint, I ought to fear it still more. No friendship will stand the shock of sin. Be as much a gentleman to your friend as you are to a stranger.

ENEMIES

The way to change into friends the enemies who misunderstand you, is to find out the way to tell them the truth; and one doesn't lose the time taken in scheming to that end. Enmity at bottom is a sin; and the only thing with which a sin can be opposed is the opposite virtue. Cherish your enemies.

NOISE

The noisy boy is a delight. The noisy man is a nuisance. Don't be noisy enough to make people think you are not genuine; but don't be quiet enough to make them think you are a nonentity, or afraid.

HATRED

What the confusion of tongues did in scattering humanity, the gospel of hatred would have done later, but in blood and tears, and with the sacrifice of thousands. No reputation is fortified against hatred, and no personal worth can save entirely from its venom. If you must hate, hate hatred.

ATTENTION ATTENTION

A week from this coming Friday is the First Friday. For many of you it will be the last First Friday on the campus. We would like to see the class presidents urge upon their respective class groups an *all-out attendance* at Mass, a 100% *reception* of Holy Communion. Remember the date: Friday, May 1st.

There has been a noticeable decrease in general attendance at Mass during the week. With the balmy spring weather here, it should entail no big sacrifice to "roll out" a few minutes earlier for the 6:45 Mass. Remember the fallen heroes of Bataan in your Masses and Holy Communions.

RELIGION IN THE NEWS



THE FALL OF BATAAN

Upon receipt of the news of the fall of Bataan peninsula, General MacArthur wrot this inspiring epitaph: "The Bataan force went out as it would have wished—fighting to the end of its flickering, forlorn hope. To the weeping mothers of Bataan's dead I can only say that the halo of Jesus of Nazareth has descended upon their sons and that God will take them unto Himself."

NO ATHEISTS HERE

In describing his harrowing experiences while in the Philippines, Lieutenant Colonel Warren J. Clear, just arrived in Washington, relates the following incident: The officer said that he and a sergeant who shared the same fox hole prayed audibly during one heavy bombing attack. The sergeant, Clear related, observed afterward that "there are no atheists in fox holes."

COLUMNIST QUILLEN

Well known news columnist Robert Quillen makes this forceful observation relative to the great interest showed in religion by American soldiers in the Philippines: Let no agnostic or cynic safe at home in America, prove himself base and ignoble by sneering at them. It is not fear or death that turns their minds to God. If they were afraid of dying, they would run or surrender—and all the world knows that no men ever faced death with more gallant courage. It is not fear that turns them to God but understanding and awe. For the first times in their lives they are aware of death. . . . And because death is at last real, his soul hungers for assurance that death is not the end, and in child-like humility and honesty he tries to find his way to God. We can all fool ourselves, when we feel secure, and avoid anxiety about the hereafter by refusing to think about it; but we mature quickly in the presence of death, and nothing seems important except the assurance of God's love and forgiveness."